

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXV.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1849.

NUMBER 23.

TALES.

From the Model American Courier.

JANET ALLISON'S TWO RIVAL BEAUX.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was now several months since William Niles had been in the habit of walking home with Janet Allison every Sunday, after the close of the afternoon service, when Mr. Allison and his wife always insisted that he should stay to tea. This was chiefly because he had an excellent tenor voice, for, as Mr. Allison prided himself on being the best bass singer in the parish, and as his wife and daughter both had fine voices, it was a great treat to him to be able, as he said, "to carry all parts in singing Old Hundred, St. Martin's, and other old solid tunes." Janet, whose temperament was more poetical, would often remain silent herself, that she might better hear the choral strains as they floated away through the open windows, and mingled with the low whisperings of the adjacent woodland.

Mr. Allison might, at first, imagine that the love of music was what attracted their young guest; it is certain, however, that Mrs. Allison never had any such thoughts. She knew the very first time that he called, that the dark eyes, dark ringlets, cherry lips and rosy cheeks of Janet had, to him, more witchery in them, than Old Hundred, or a hundred other tunes, equally solid.

Even when Mr. Allison did begin to have a slight suspicion of the truth, he suffered things to go on for awhile, without reproof or remonstrance, although William Niles had nothing to depend on but his labor for the maintenance of his mother and himself. There was something in William's unpretending, yet really polite demeanor, which pleased him, and although he laughed at Janet for imagining that there was anything in phrenology or physiognomy, he liked the looks of the young man's well-expanded forehead, surrounded by wavy hair of a glossy brown, of his well-formed nose, and, above all, the peculiar expression of his mouth when he smiled.

William had, moreover, poor as he was, succeeded in obtaining an education superior to that required by most of the young men in the place.— This also was more of a recommendation to Mr. Allison, whose own education was such as to en-

able him to take his turn in teaching the winter school, than it would have been to most persons of his station. All might have gone well, if Joel Boggs had not unfortunately discovered that Janet Allison was the handsomest girl that went into the meeting-house.

Joel Boggs was the eldest son of Squire Boggs, who owned four good farms, the largest and best of which was, as was currently reported, as good as deeded to Joel. And this was not all. Joel, who had been named for a rich bachelor uncle, would, it was confidently expected, be his uncle's heir. Joel was, therefore, considered the best match in the place.

He was now twenty-one years old, and ere the first fresh gloss of his freedom suit had departed, he determined that he would go and see Janet Allison. As if on purpose to favor his intention, William Niles, on account of indisposition, had been unable to leave home for several days. This by enabling him to go on Sunday, saved him the trouble of exchanging his dress.

Joel received a cordial welcome from Mr. Allison, a somewhat cold though civil one from Mrs. Allison, while Miss Hephzibah Jones, a distant relation to whom they gave a home, and who, after having listened to two sermons, always made it her practice to read a third, raised her eyes from her book, and nodded with a look of great benignity. As for Janet, she could not, or perhaps she did not, try to conceal that his presence was most unwelcome.

There was, certainly, nothing attractive in his appearance. He was decidedly hard-featured, with what Mrs. Allison styled a "knurly countenance," and although the large farm was spread before her in imagination, with its broad fields, green pastures, and waving woodlands, she felt that she could not blame Janet, if she remained true to her first love.

"I should not have hesitated a single moment which to choose, when I was of her age," said she mentally. At the same time she cast a complacent glance at the comely face of her husband, and her thoughts went back to her youthful days when, for him, she refused a young farmer quite as ugly in person and full as rich in prospective, as Joel Boggs.

If the business of Joel had been printed in large capitals on his forehead, it could not have been more manifest.

"I have come a courting," was apparent in every look, every movement, and every tone of his

voice. Even Miss Hephzibah, who regarded it as an infringement on her maidenly modesty, not to be particularly obtuse concerning matters of a matrimonial tendency in spite of her most strenuous endeavors to the contrary, could not help having an inkling as to the object of the young man's call.

Joel certainly exhibited a most painful state of embarrassment. His hands, which it had never seemed to him before that he could possibly do without, were, in a particular manner, exceedingly troublesome. In order to get them out of the way as much as possible, he carefully sounded the depths of each of his new pockets, being to all appearance, seized with an irrepressible curiosity to ascertain if some stray bits of paper, or something equally valuable, had not hidden themselves away in the corners, and after an investigation so thorough that no doubt could remain on the subject, he affected to suddenly discover a spot on his coat sleeve which he made a show of rubbing off with the back of his hand. His next expedient was to finger the ends of a cotton handkerchief of divers gay colors which he wore round his neck, and which, by way of contributing his share to the conversation, he informed them was a fancy handkerchief, and that the price of it was two-and-sixpence. He also told them that he bought it of a pedlar, and paid for it in a little miserable sheep skin that was not worth the snap of his finger, a fact that so wrought upon his risibility that it produced a sort of convulsive cachination to the great alarm of Miss Hephzibah, who imagined he had lost his breath, and called earnestly upon Mr. Allison to blow in his face to enable him to catch it again.

The lively emotions of pleasure experienced by Joel, from recalling to mind how he cheated the pedlar, for a few moments made him oblivious of the heavy responsibility which rested on him in having to take care of his hands. But the trouble soon returned and another with it. Unfortunately the shining surface of his new pumps, which he had spent nearly an hour in polishing, met his eye, whereupon his feet appeared to be as much in the way as his hands, and it would have afforded him immense relief if he could have taken his shining pumps off and placed them under the table, as he would have done if he had been at home, from motives of economy as well as comfort.

"Thomas and I will do the milking to-night," said Mr. Allison to his daughter, who rose and went into the kitchen for a milk-pail, as the lowing of the cows gave notice of their approach.

"You know, father," said she "that Lady Cloudyface don't like to have any one milk her but me." Miss Hephzibah had left the room to put away her "saron book," as she called it, and Mrs. Allison being intent on some household affairs Janet saw that helping milk would be the only way by which to escape being left alone with Joel.

"I guess I will go with you and look at the cows," said Joel.

"So do, said Mr. Allison, "I am proud of my cows, for I believe they are rather the likeliest of any in the place."

Joel appeared to feel more at home in the barnyard than he did in the house, and he even had the courage to offer to milk Janet's cow for her.

"No, I thank you," was her reply.

"Now you'd better by one half," said he.—"Come, now, let me take your place on the milking-stool, for I'm sot upon milking this 'ere cow whether or no."

"You had better not," said Janet. "Lady Cloudyface dislikes strangers," and she continued to milk with all diligence, till her pail was half full.

"My hands *do* begin to ache a little," she then said, and there was a perceptible relaxation in the energy with which she had commenced performing her task.

"Come, let me finish milking her—I'm sot upon it," again urged Joel.

"I don't believe she will let you," said Janet, though at the same time she rose and permitted him to take her place.

The indignation of Lady Cloudyface was, at once, made manifest, for with a promptitude and an energy worthy a better cause, she placed her foot against the pail, while with a dexterity similar to what is termed sleight-of-hand, though in her case it might more properly be termed sleight-of-hoof, she sent it nearly half across the yard. It was obliged to pass over Joel's polished pumps, where, as throughout the whole of its progress, it necessarily left a milky way, to say nothing of numerous little delicate splashes of froth, which from being of a more buoyant nature, were bestowed upon his face, and what was still more trying to his feelings, upon his hat, as well as the other articles of his freedom suit.

"There," said Janet, who with difficulty refrained from laughing. "I knew that she would not let you milk her, and there are five or six quarts of milk wasted."

"I guess that aint much to what it is to be splashed all over from top to toe," said Joel.—"This 'ere suit of clothes cost a *leetle* too much, to be served in such kind of style."

"Well, you *have* got a few splashes on you," said Janet, "but none to hurt, except on your shoes, and if you'll just climb over the fence into the field, you can clean them with the grass and make them look nice as ever."

Joel followed her advice, and she, in the mean time, finished milking the cow.

Although it was only a little after sunset when the milking was finished, it was scarcely fifteen minutes after they returned to the house, before Mr. Allison was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, which he found it impossible to shake off, and he declared, if he set up any longer he really believed that he should fall asleep in his chair

That he might not be guilty of such a piece of indecorum, he judiciously retired to his sleeping apartment.

Mrs. Allison was also missing, as soon as she had assisted Janet to strain the milk, though whether it was because she too was seized prematurely with a fit of somnolency, or because she thought the sooner her daughter had a chance to give Joel the mitten the better, was a matter of some uncertainty.

Miss Hephzibah, who had been sitting very comfortably in a large cushioned rocking chair, since she had finished reading her sermon, suddenly became aware that no one was present except Janet and her beau.

"Well, I never!" said she. "I've sot here meditating till I forgot where I was," and she rose and hurried out of the room.

This was the most trying moment that Joel ever experienced. What he endured two hours before, when he entered the presence of the whole family, fully conscious that they were well aware of his object, was comparatively speaking, only a drop of the bucket. His courage, however, even now, had not so completely evaporated, but that he entertained some vague idea of making an effort to impress upon the mind of Janet, that he, Joel Boggs, the eldest son of Squire Boggs, and heir expectant of his father's best farm, also of the property real and personal of Mr. Joel Boggs, his rich uncle, was a person of much more consequence than William Niles, who had no expectation of inheriting a foot of land or a shilling of money.

"Look here you," said he, after a silence of several minutes, during which time, with his head thrown a little back, and with his mouth a little open, he had kept his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, as if he was examining something exceedingly curious.

Joel received no answer, for Janet, at the commencement of his meditations, had noiselessly left the room.

"Well, if that don't beat all," said he to himself, when he had looked into all the dark nooks and corners of the room and satisfied himself that she was not present.

He was about to take a peep into the kitchen, when he heard light footsteps approaching the door. He only had time to resume his chair, when Janet re-entered, with two large glass lamps well filled with oil.

"The land!" exclaimed Joel, mentally, "I guess she means to set up all night. But never mind, I can keep awake as long as she can, I'll warrant."

"Are you fond of reading, Mr. Bogg?" enquired Janet.

"Well, I'm middlin' fond of it—are you?"

"O, yes, indeed, very."

"Well, on the whole, I guess I am, but I get dreadful little time to read."

"You must read evenings after your work is done."

"Well, I should be glad to sometimes, but father says it isn't worth while to waste taller and ile and eye-sight."

When you *do* get a chance to read you will enjoy it the better then," said Janet, and she again left the room.

It was not long before she returned with a pile of books, which she placed upon the table.

"Here are four volumes of sermons," said she, which belong to Miss Hephzibah, which will do for you to read till twelve o'clock, and then you can amuse yourself with some of these agricultural addresses, or the Farmer's Almanac, if you find it more to your taste;" and as she spoke, she busied herself in lighting both of the lamps.

"But I'd rather *talk* this evening."

"You don't like to read as well as I do then," said she, taking up the candle and walking quietly out of the room.

She had scarcely closed the door, before she re-opened it.

"Be so kind," said she, "as to carefully extinguish the lamps, whenever you are tired of reading and be particular to hasp the gate after you when you go out, so that the cows can't get in and eat and trample my flowers."

"She s'poses now," said Joel, to himself, "that I'm such a numskull as to think that she won't come back again, but I don't feel a mite worried about it," and setting himself in Miss Hephzibah's rocking-chair, he rocked himself somewhat violently for a person whose mind was in a state of perfect composure. It was now half-past nine, and he continued to sit in the rocking-chair till the clock struck ten.

"If this don't beat all," said he, exchanging his seat for one near the table, that he might at a moment's warning, should he hear Janet returning, open one of the volumes of sermons.

"Well, I'd no idea that she'd serve me so," said Joel, after waiting another half hour in momentary expectation of her return. "If she expects I'm goin' to set here all night and read sermon books, she'll find herself a leetle mistaken. I hate to read worse than I do to hoe, and I hate that worse than I do p'ison. I won't be made a fool of any longer, I won't;" and reckless of whose slumber he might disturb, he, with no gentle steps, went in the entry, snatched a hat from the table, and rushed out of the house, slamming the door behind him. He purposely swung the gate wide open, muttering to himself, "If she wants the gate hasped and the lights distinguished, as she calls it, she may do 'em herself for all what I care."

Janet, who had been impatiently awaiting his departure, watched him from her window till he was out of sight, and then crept softly down stairs, put out the lights and went out and fastened the gate.

"I guess Joel went off in a hurry when he did go," said Mrs. Allison, the next morning to her daughter.

"Why?" said Janet.

"He left his hat behind him, I see."

"Why he certainly had a hat on," said Janet, "when he left the house."

"That must be his hat on the entry table," said her mother, "for it has his name in it."

"Then he wore home father's instead of his own."

"I'm afraid that his mind was not in a very composed state," said Mrs. Allison, "if he could not tell his own hat from your father's."

"I cannot say as to that, said Janet, "for I was not present: but, if it was not, I am afraid that he did not profit by the sermons I left him to read."

"Oh, you mischievous girl," said her mother, gravely shaking her head at her.

"How came all my sermon books on the setting-room table," said Miss Hephzibah, who now entered the room.

"O, I put them there for Mr. Boggs to read," said Janet.

"Well, I always thought that he was a nice, steady young man," said Miss Hephzibah. "Now William Niles, when he is here, is never easy without he is singing. I never liked him so well as I should, if he had a more serious turn with him."

"Why he never sings anything but psalm tunes on Sunday evenings," said Janet, "and then father and mother sing with him."

"That don't signify," said Miss Hephzibah. "Mr. Boggs staid all night, didn't he? I saw his hat on the entry-table."

"O no; he left his hat," said Janet, "by mistake."

"I know just how it was with him," said Miss Hephzibah. "He got to meditating on what he'd been reading, and it made him absent-minded, the same as it does me sometimes. He is a nice, steady young man, Joel Boggs is."

Mr. Allison, who was roused from his slumbers by the energetic manner in which Joel closed the door, imagined that it was much later than it really was. This gave him the impression that his daughter had inclined a more favorable ear to Joel's overtures, than, by her appearance, he imagined that she would. It had not been so, he would have been in more haste to depart. This being his belief, it was not strange, when the labors of the day were ended, as he sat just outside of the back door, with the chequered shade of the graceful old elm which grew near, quivering at his feet, that he fell into a contemplation of the fine arable land on Squire Boggs' best farm, and in a more particular manner—wood being high, and every year growing higher—of the fifty acre wood-lots, which brightened by the beams of the setting sun, he could, by looking over his right shoulder, see waving on one side of his own orchard.

While his thoughts were thus pleasantly engaged he saw a man creeping along close under the fence which enclosed a lane leading to the house, with something in his hand that looked like a basket.—It was Joel Boggs, who, with Mr. Allison's hat in a covered basket, hoped to slip it in at the front door unperceived, and exchange it for his own.—He had succeeded in effecting his purpose, but before he had made good his retreat, Mr. Allison thought he would just step round to the front door and see who it was that appeared so desirous of shunning observation, which compelled him to remain where he was. It must be confessed that Mr. Allison thought that Joel's second visit pressed rather hard upon the heels of the first, still he was glad to see him. It spoke favorably, he thought, for the ardor of his attachment.

"Walk in," said he, "I am glad to see you so neighborly. I like some one to drop in about this time of day, so that I can have a chance to chat a little about farming. Sally Ann, our hired girl, came home this morning, so I don't have to help milk to-night."

Mrs. Allison now entered the room, and with her compassion considerably excited at Joel's recent discomfiture, treated him with much more cordiality than she did the evening preceding. Janet,

also, when she came in from milking, said—"Good evening, Mr. Boggs," in a manner that was quite flattering to his self-esteem, while Miss Hephzibah took occasion to compliment him upon his steadiness and discretion, and only from lack of a favorable opportunity, was prevented from offering to lend him her four volumes of "sermon books," which, as it might have led him to believe that she was in league with the mischievous Janet, would probably have proved, the means of blotting her forever out of his books. Joel's courage was greatly revived by the unmistakable warmth of Mr. Allison's demeanor towards him, who, he could not doubt, would exert his paternal influence in his behalf.

There were persons who did not fail to inform William Niles that Joel Boggs had been to see Janet, and that there were good grounds for supposing that she gave him a favorable reception.—This information, although he had entirely recovered from his indisposition, deterred him from calling at Mr. Allison's the next Sunday evening.—He did not doubt that what had been told him was partly true, though he could not bring himself to believe that Janet preferred Joel Boggs to him. He had reasons for this unknown to others, and that very morning, as they met near the meeting-house door, there was something in her looks and in the tones of her voice, as she said, "William, I am glad to see that you are able to attend meeting to-day," which had a world of tenderness in them, though the words of themselves were so commonplace.

"Stop your wheel a minute," said Mrs. Allison, to her daughter, "I thought I heard it thunder."

"That cannot be," replied Janet, "for there is not a single cloud in the sky," and she resumed her spinning.

"It *does* thunder—that is certain," said Mrs. Allison, after remaining silent a minute or two; and a low, muttering sound was now distinctly heard, even by Janet, in spite of the merry music of her wheel.

They both, accompanied by Miss Hephzibah, hastened to a window which commanded a view of the western horizon, where they perceived that a black cloud was slowly rising.

"It will be impossible for your father and Thomas to get half of the hay in before it begins to rain," said Mrs. Allison.

At this moment Mr. Allison perceived his wife and daughter at the window.

"Come, Janet," said he, with a clear, stentorian voice, which might have been heard half a mile, "you and Sally Ann must come and help me rake this hay up, so as to have it ready to load by the time Thomas gets here with the team."

"Where's my sun bonnet, mother?" said Janet, "but no—I won't have my bonnet. I'll wear Tom's new straw hat, because it will be cooler."

Janet's cheeks, though well rounded, were not too full to look well beneath the shade of a boy's hat, and snatching a rake that leaned against a shed, and gracefully poising it in her small, though well knit hand, she tripped lightly across the field to join her father. She was soon followed by Sally Ann, who had been summoned from the loom by Mrs. Allison.

"Here are four loads of my best hay," said Mr.

Allison, "and all in complete order to go into the barn. The shower is gathering slowly, but it will be impossible for us to put more than one-half of it under cover, if we do our best."

He had hardly ceased speaking, when Janet, happening to look towards the road, saw William Niles, who was driving a pair of oxen attached to a hay-cart. The cart was now empty, he having been to carry a load of hay to the man of whom he hired the farm on which he and his mother lived.—When he arrived opposite the spot where Mr. Allison was at work, he stopped his team, and going up to the stone wall which separated the field from the road, and with the air of a person who doubted whether his proposal would be received or rejected, offered Mr. Allison his assistance. Janet, for a moment, involuntarily suspended her work, that she might hear her father's answer. Mr. Allison looked a little perplexed as he glanced his eyes towards his daughter, for he imagined that the less opportunities she had of seeing William Niles, the better would prosper the suit of Joel Boggs.—The sight, however, of the hay spread over the field, which if exposed to the shower would be despoiled of its brightness and fragrance, overcome his momentary hesitation, and he told the young man that he should be glad of his assistance.

A spectator might have imagined that William, instead of Mr. Allison, was the person who would be benefited by securing the hay from the shower, so joyous was the expression of his countenance as he returned to the road for his team.

In a few minutes afterward Thomas made his appearance with Mr. Allison's team, and what was not very pleasing to Janet, Joel Boggs was with him.

Joel cast an angry glance at William, and remarked to Mr. Allison, that he "guessed he was so well off for help, that he wouldn't need him."

"Yes we do," said Mr. Allison, "we shall be glad of your assistance, for there is plenty for all of us to do."

"I s'pose," said Joel, "that I might have brought a pair of oxen with me, but working 'em right in the heat of the day would take a half an inch of growth out of 'em. If like Mr. Niles here, I had to hire my cattle, I expect I should be as generous with ox flesh as he is."

"I didn't hire these oxen," said William; "they are my own."

"I guess Major Hart would tell a different story from that," said Joel.

"As Major Hart is a man of truth, he would tell the same story that I do," was William's response.

Nothing more was said till the load of hay was completed, when Joel, without requesting leave, or making any apology whatever, took up the goad and commenced driving William's team. Whether a consciousness of the solecism he had committed in the etiquette of the haying-field caused Joel to feel a little flurried, or whether as Thomas said, he was too great a ninny to know how to drive a team, except where the ground was as smooth as the house-floor, it is impossible to determine. Perhaps each of these might have had their influence. At any rate, Joel had proceeded with the team only a short distance, all the time shouting vociferously at the oxen, as if he thought they were deaf as well as dumb, before the hay, which had been loaded somewhat too hastily, and was a little

top-heavy, was overturned. Mr. Allison, who was on the top of the load, was buried beneath it. The disaster was occasioned by one of the wheels passing over a large rock which might easily have been avoided. Janet ran to the spot to ascertain if her father was hurt, and to assist William in his exhumation. He assured them that he was not materially injured, and without anything more being said by any one, the hay was reloaded with all possible expedition. When it was finished they found that Joel had withdrawn.

By means of great exertion, the last load was nearly completed, when William spoke to Janet and told her if she remained longer, she would certainly get wet.

"Yes," said her father, "the cloud is now nearly over head, and you and Sally must run for the house as fast as you can."

They reached it in time to escape all except a few large, heavy drops, such as not unfrequently herald a smart shower. As for the men, by the time they were able to avail themselves of the shelter of the house, their clothes were pretty thoroughly wetted. A sudden change in the atmosphere made the bright fire, which was kindled to dry them, grateful rather than oppressive.

In about an hour the rain was over, when William rose to take leave.

"You must not go till after tea," said Mr. Allison, in that hearty and decided manner, in which lies the very quintessence of hospitality.

"No," said Mrs. Allison "you certainly must not."

William, as may be imagined, having no very strong objection to staying, did not contest the point with them.

"I thought I saw Mr. Boggs helping you," said Miss Hephzibah.

"You probably did," replied Mr. Allison.

"Why didn't Joel come in with the rest of you?" said Mrs. Allison.

"I don't think it looked very well to let him go home in the rain," said Miss Hephzibah. "He is the nicest steadiest young man I know of, anywhere in these parts. I desire to know what you are giggling at, Mr. Jackanapes?" she added, turning sharply round towards Thomas.

"I was only thinking how important and self-sufficient Joel looked when, without leave or license he went to driving William's oxen, and how sheepish it looked when the load of hay upset."

"I've been thinking, Janet," said Mr. Allison, "that after all, it must be a pretty hard bargain for a girl to marry a fool, even if he has a rich father and a still richer uncle."

"I am just of your mind," said Mrs. Allison, and so was Janet, although she forbore to express her opinion.

After tea, Mr. Allison said that they must certainly sing "Old Hundred" and "St. Martin's" before William went, as it was now nearly three weeks since they had had any singing. These and several others having been sung with great spirit, Thomas proposed that William should sing "Auld Lang Syne," a proposition which was acceded to without one dissenting voice, except Miss Hephzibah's.

"I guess you wouldn't catch Mr. Boggs singing songs," said she. "He's of a too serious a turn for such nonsensical stuff."

"No," said Thomas, "it would be more to his taste to cheat in a sheep-skin trade."

After William had sung the proposed song in a very pleasing if not scientific manner, and had rose to depart, Mr. Allison told him that he must not forget to call the next Sunday evening and sing over their old solid tunes.

Ten years from this time, Joel Boggs and William Niles might have been referred to as examples of the difference between two young men: one of whom, from the anticipation of inheriting a handsome property, although of a covetous disposition, indulged in habits of indolence; and one, who always liberal in proportion to his means, had no person to depend on but himself.

At that period, Squire Boggs' best farm had passed into the hands of William Niles, and Joel Boggs was a tenant on the identical farm where young Niles lived with his mother at the time he and Joel were rival suitors for the hand of Janet Allison. Janet had long been William Niles' wife and her father often used laughingly to say to her, that, "after all, she had got the farm without the incumbrance."

As for Joel's rich bachelor uncle, he was still active and hale as in the days of his youth, and bid fair to outlive his nephew, whose health began to be impaired by habits of intemperance.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

SOLITUDE.

THERE seems to be a divine afflatus that ever surrounds the head of Solitude, as it were with a diadem of most pensive holiness.

How lovely and heart refreshing is it, when surrounded with the busy hum of life and the cares of business, to retire if but for a few moments, and lose our sorrows in ideal forgetfulness.

Forgetfulness—did I say? nay—it is memory! Memory in its purest loveliest essence; which even rouses thoughts and visions from the grave of ages and brings them rejoicing into the world of "life and light."

Thus is it, that the philosopher sickened with the chameleon-like character of his fellow man, withdraws himself to his own reveries and abstractions—there creates to himself an existent and ever-during sphere of his own. The poet too, honored with that sacred gift of Spirit-worship of which he is the priest to make known its mysteries to man, retires to solitude to breathe forth those burning words which are to drive away the gloom and cares of life or sanctify them to our good.

Like the mysteries of old, the mysteries of Solitude are known but to those who worship at her shrine. To the multitude, they are fantasies, vain imaginings and pictured glooms which awe, and drive them from her temple.

Glimpses of beatified enjoyment there gleam on us, from every random recollection of spiritual life from every ideal dream of unattainable perfection. It is there only we can uninterruptedly dwell on the visions of the future; those aerial beings who while on earth, with such spirit-stirring earnestness, expounded and made known to man, the teachings of Solitude.

It is only in the visions of the ideal, to which mental solitude is necessary, that any thing pure and holy exists. Happiness nor good exist not on

this earth; virtues are but comparative perfections for there is not a virtue extant but if possessed in an inordinate degree brings unhappiness to some.

Truthfulness is unattainable to us here, for the more knowledge man attains the less certain is he of the existence of any thing; so said the expiring sage.

Where then is truth!

It is only in the spirit dreams of ideal, then, that we realise our abstractions. It is there we behold the virtues the graces, and all the perfections in their most exalted forms. There reigns unclouded truth whose divine looks are reflected on all, while eternal happiness sits supreme in every heart; and every mind acknowledge its presence.

What a stream of pure delight throbs and murmurs through the heart at the thoughts and joys of home—ideal home seems a place of rest where we may repose undisturbed for ever more. But our home on earth can cause no such feelings; it is but transient, its happiness and joys are dependent on the wishes or fancies of others. The visions of the ideal present a *true* home, where the spirit may be for ever at rest where no clouds of sorrow nor pictures of despair can obtrude and where the storms of neither time nor eternity can affect us.

Thus it is that no truly great minds have feared death as it is but a more clear and unobstructed view of the ideal world, which then opens to our gaze and discloses to the delighted traveller those beauties, which before formed but disjointed fragments of an imagined and much-wished for whole.

J. D. C.

Yorkville, Racine Co. Wis. June, 1849.

MISCELLANY.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

It is a proverbial saying, that habit is second nature; meaning, I conceive, that whatever of taste, appetite, inclination, or affection, we acquire by habit, it becomes as natural to us as if it were born with us. This is a thing obvious to general experience and observation. But there is one other thing similar to it, which, though not quite so obvious, is perhaps equally true. It is this: the *second* nature that has grown out of evil habits cleaves to us, in some degree, as long as we live, and that notwithstanding principles of real piety at heart.

The truth is, any one who contracts bad habits, admits into his garrison inveterate and restless foes which he can never entirely expel. Sometimes he may seem to get a complete mastery of them, when, of a sudden, they muster anew their rebellious forces and quite overpower him. Or even though, by the force of moral and religious principle, along with ever-wakeful vigilance, he keeps under these foes, yet they give him incessant alarm, inquietude and vexation. They are the torment of his life, and embitter his last moments. In many a virtuous bosom there is a hard struggle, between principle and propensity; between a deep sense of duty, morality and religion, and the violence of appetites and passions that had been nourished by habit till they were grown up to gigantic strength. A struggle, in which, though virtue gain the victory, it is gained at the expense of a self denial, of which the pain is comparable to that occasioned by cutting off

a hand, or plucking out an eye. So true is it, that vicious habits are either our ruin and destruction, or, at the best, they will be a plague to us, however much we may wish and strive to uproot them utterly from our hearts.

It was with reference to the almost invincible force of habit, that the wise man penned the aphorism so worthy to be put in letters of gold, and hung up in the mansion of every rising family:—"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Upon the same principle of the power of habit, if, reversing the aphorism, you train up your child in the way he should *not* go; if you countenance his faults; if you encourage, rather than check his vices, there are many chances to one, that shame and ruin will be his portion. But though this is clearly the voice of truth and experience, yet many infatuated parents lull themselves in the expectation that the faults of their children will be cured by time: a notion no less fatal than false. Indeed, time may perchance correct the errors of inexperience, or the mere follies of childhood and immature youth; but not immoralities—not real viciousness of disposition and action—not falsehood, fraud, profaneness, profligacy, or any real *vice* that can be named. Diseases of the mind, like those of the body, usually, become the more inveterate by time. Time ripens the inceptive evil into habit; and time again strengthens and confirms the incipient habit. Every day adds somewhat to its strength; every new indulgence gives it a firmer root; and it incorporates itself at last with the very fibres of the heart. One long accustomed to almost any evil, finds himself clutched thereby as in the grasp of a giant.

See the knurly oak, which no arm of flesh can bend, which nothing but the bolt of heaven can rive:—this same oak was once a pliant twig.

Guard, then, with utmost care—let parents guard their children, and let all those of the young who have come to years of discretion guard themselves against the inceptive ingress of any and every vicious habits for—

—When the fox has once got in his nose,
He soon finds means to make his body enter."

THE OLD AMERICAN FLAG.

THE American Standard is thus described. The colors of the American fleet have a snake with thirteen rattles, the fourteenth budding, described in the attitude of going to strike, with this motto, "Dont tread on me." It is a rule in heraldry that the worthy properties of the animal in the crest bone shall be considered, and the base one cannot be intended. The ancients accounted a snake or a serpent, an emblem of wisdom, and in certain attitudes of endless duration. The rattle snake is properly a representative of America, as this animal is found in no other part of the world. The eye of this creature excels in brightness that of any other animal. She has no eye-lid, and is therefore an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack nor ever surrenders. She is therefore an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. When injured, she never wounds till she gives notice to her enemies of their danger.

No other of her kind shows such generosity.—When undisturbed and in peace, she does not appear to be furnished with weapons of any kind.—

They are latent in the roof of her mouth, and even when extended for her defence appear to those who are not acquainted with her to be weak and contemptible, yet her wounds, however small, are decisive and fatal. She is solitary and associates with her kind only when it is necessary for their preservation. Her poison is at once the necessary means of digesting her food, and certain destruction to her enemies. The power of fascination attributed to her by a generous construction resembles America. Those who look steadily on her are delighted and involuntarily advance towards her.—She is frequently found with thirteen, rattles, and they increase yearly. She is beautiful in youth and her beauty increases with her age; her tongue is blue and forked as lightning.

A PARTING SCENE BETWEEN TWO IRISHMEN.

IRISHMEN, generally speaking, are not noted for any great forethought concerning their temporal welfare, but in anything relating to the spiritual they exhibit an unusual share of shrewdness, as is illustrated in the following case, which occurred on the frontiers of the State of Maine, between Jimmy McGee and Pat McGarlin. Pat being called to visit his neighbor Jimmy McGee, and hear his last words of farewell before "shuffling off this mortal coil," he donned his best suit of clothes, smoothing his usual cheerful phiz into unusual gravity, made his appearance at the bedside of his old friend. Upon meeting him Pat exclaimed:—

"Well, Jimmy, I understand the doctors have given ye up."

Jim.—"Yes Pat, it's over wid me."

Pat.—(after a pause)—"Well, Jimmy, ye haven't been a great sinner—ye'll go to the good place."

Jim.—"Oh, yes Pat—to be shure I stole some of the government timber."

Pat.—(taking Jimmy's hand, and assuming a diplomatic air)—"Well, farewell to ye; when ye reaches the good place tell them you're *well ac. quainted* wid Pat McGarlin."

Here Pat started for the door, but, as if suddenly thinking of Jimmy's dishonesty in stealing the government timber, he wheeled around to his friend, and seriously and earnestly exclaimed—

"But, Jimmy, if anything happens to ye that ye should go to the *other place*, jist tell them ye *don't know a devil a word about me*."

FRENCH MATRIMONIAL BROKERS.

FORMERLY matrimonial advertisements constantly appeared in the French journals; but instead of the gentleman advertising for wives as they do here, in France the ladies advertise themselves and their attractions to be disposed of. In the *Journal d'Affiches* the following matrimonial wants and attractions were pompously and prominently put forth under the heading, Ready to Marry—"1st. Fifty widows, from 2,000fs. to 20,000fs. of dowry. 2d. Four hundred young ladies and widows with small fortunes. Apply to M. Porre, Rue Bourbon No. 7." Another marriage broker advertises—"1st. Two young ladies of between 15 and 18 years of age, with between 30,000fs. and 60,000fs. 2d. Two others, between 30 and 36 years, with

35,000fs. And several damsels of all ages, with between 4,000 and 6,000fs." In case money was not the object, M. Porre had for disposal "several young ladies of ancient families with little fortune but with all the qualities that should accompany fortune."

TOO MUCH FOR THE GENERAL.

THE *Mobile Tribune* tells the following story of Jemmy Mabey, who has so long been the gardener at the presidential mansion, Washington:

General Jackson had heard rumors that Jemmy was accustomed to get drunk and be uncivil to the visitors at the White House; so one bright morning, he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal.

"Jemmy," said the general, "I hear bad stories about you. It is said you are constantly drunk and uncivil to visitors."

Jemmy was puzzled for a reply; at last he said:

"General, bedad, I hear much worse stories about you; but, do you think I believe them?—No, by the powers, I know they are lies."

WOMAN'S VOICE.

How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow, is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and, as a gentle zephyr, refreshes the wearied senses with its soft and melodious tones. Riches may avail much in the hour of affliction; the friendship of man may alleviate for a time the bitterness of wo; but the angel voice of a woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure, which the mind has never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

A PREACHER was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been very plain.

"Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled he would have curled it for you."

"Indeed," said the witty maid, "I must differ with you. When I was an infant he curled it for me, but now I am grown up he thinks I am able to do it myself."

HOGG'S TALES.

A GREAT deal of fun has been perpetrated on "Hogg's Tales;" the last we have seen is the following: "Are you fond of Hogg's Tales?" said a rather verdant lady to a shepherd. "Yes, I likes 'em roasted, wi' salt on 'em," was the reply. "No—but I mean—have you read Hogg's Tales?" "Noa," said the bumpkin, "our hogs are all white or black—I doant think there is a red one among 'em."

FASTEST GROWTH YET.

Away down East. A native of "Down East," describing with characteristic exaggeration, the remarkable properties of Guano, as a promotion of vegetation, said that a few hours after planting cu-

cucumber seeds, the dirt begins to fly and the vines came up like a streak: and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him—and on taking out his knife to cut the “darned things,” he found a large cucumber gone to seed in his pocket!

PEOPLE OF MODERATE FORTUNE.

If you are about to furnish a house, do not spend all your money, be it much or little. Do not let the beauty of this thing and the cheapness of that, tempt you to buy unnecessary articles.—Dr. Franklin's maxim was a wise one—“Nothing is cheap which you do not want.”

Buy merely what is absolutely necessary, and let experience of your wants and your means dictate what shall be afterward obtained. If you spend all at first, you will find you have bought many things you do not want and omitted many you do want.

Neatness, tastefulness, and good sense, may be shown in the management of a small household and the arrangement of a little furniture, as well as upon a large scale. The consideration gained by living beyond one's income is not actually worth the trouble it costs. The glare there is about such, false, wicked parade, is deceptive; it does not, in fact procure valuable friends or extensive influence. More than that, it is wrong, morally wrong, so far as the individual is concerned; and injurious beyond calculation to the interests of our country.—To what are the increasing beggary and discouraged exertions of the present day owing? A multitude of causes no doubt tend to increase the evils, but the root of the whole matter is the extravagance of all classes of the people.

We never shall be prosperous till we have sufficient moral courage to make pride and vanity yield to the dictates of honesty and prudence. We never shall be free from embarrassment till we cease to be ashamed of industry and economy! Let women aid in the reformation. Let their husbands and father, see them happy without finery; and if their friends have, as often is the case, a foolish pride in seeing them decorated, let them silently and gradually check this feeling, by showing that they have better means of commanding respect.—Let the exercise of ingenuity, economy, and neatness, prove that good taste and gentility are attainable without great expense.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

THE LOVE OF READING IN CHILDHOOD.

CHILDREN who read from the love of reading are usually supremely happy over their books. A wise parent will indulge the love of reading, not only from kindness in permitting the child to do what it likes best, but because what is read with enjoyment has intense effect upon the intellect. The practice of reading for amusement must not begin too soon; and it must be permitted by very slow degrees, till the child is so practised in this art of reading as to have its whole mind at liberty for the subject, without having to think about the lines or the words. Till he is sufficiently practised for this he should be read to; and it will then appear whether he is likely to be moderate when he gets a book into his own hands. My own opinion is, that it is better to leave him to his own natural tastes—to his instincts—when that important period of

his life arrives which makes him an independent reader. Of course, his proper duty must be done—his lessons or work of other kind, and his daily exercise. But it seems to me better to abstain from interfering with that kind of strong inclination than to risk the evils of thwarting it. Perhaps scarcely any person of mature years can conceive what the appetite for reading is to a child.—It goes off, or becomes changed in mature years, to such a degree as to make the facts of a reading childhood scarcely credible in remembrance, or even before the eyes. But it is all right, and the process had better not be disturbed. The apprehension of a child is so quick, his conceptive faculty is so ravenous for facts and pictures, or the merest suggestions, and he is so entirely free from those philosophical checks which retard in adults the process of reception from books, that he can, at ten years old, read the same book twice as fast as he can—if he duly improve meanwhile—twenty years later.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

WHAT a sacred shrine on earth is a fond mother's holy love! How pure—how unchanging—how deathless!—Love as pure as the sunny light of Heaven—as unchanging as the laws that govern the universe, and as deathless as immortality itself. A love that defies the decaying touch of time, outlives life, and claims kindred with the skies! A mother's love! What two beautiful words! What a sublime combination! How full of tenderness and touching beauty! How replete with association, hallowed and dear, to memory! Mother!—she who gave me birth, taught me to kneel at her side, and there breathe out my soul in prayer to God. Mother!—she who watched over me in childhood with maternal care and fondness, endeavored to lead me in the path of piety and peace, and sought to mould my character for usefulness and honor in society, and to fit me for my great destiny beyond the grave! Mother! that sainted being! who, amid the last pangs of dissolving mortality, bade me meet her in that happy country where all is peace and joy, and then bade me a long, long farewell! Love—the pure, all-pervading essence of that mother's soul! Love, the holiest attribute of her nature—the sacred tie that bound her to her boy on earth, and the guardian angel that followed her to the skies! What holy thoughts gather around the precious memory of a dear, departed mother!—*Model Courier.*

PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY is a prominent example that Greek and Latin alone do not form the man; that true greatness is native in the man, not dependent upon external condition. At twelve years of age he was an idle fishing boy—at fifteen a clerk in a counting-house; at twenty honestly delving the earth with his own hands to obtain a livelihood; at twenty-four a bankrupt merchant; at twenty-seven suddenly bursting from obscurity into a rich popularity, by a bold, noble, and astonishing display of those mammoth powers of mind, which had so long remained shrouded in darkness by the mantle of his own sublime contemplation—at forty the first orator in America, and, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, “the greatest orator that ever lived.”

CAPITAL.

A GOOD story is told of a poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor. “No,” was the surly reply; “I never make a practice of doing such things.”

The poor fellow turned to a gentleman who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, “Sir, will you lend me a six-pence?”

“Certainly,” was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him; he took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it, replaced the glass with evident satisfaction; he then turned to the man who had lent him the six-pence, and said: “Here Sir, is the six-pence I owe you; I make it a point, degraded as I am, *always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill!*”

RATHER PARTICULAR.

SOME years ago, a young man, from just across the Connecticut, who was attending our village academy, became sadly infected with the notion that all our maidens were in love with him.—While in this state of mind, it fell to his lot one evening to see Miss H— safely to her father's domicile. On arriving at the door the lady invited him to enter. He did so. After a few moments conversation he arose to leave, and as Miss H— was showing him to the door, she innocently enough remarked that they should be pleased to see him again. Here was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's courage and moral principle. Expanding himself to his tallest height, with a graceful but determined inclination of the head, he replied: “I should be happy, Miss, to call as a friend, but not as a feller!”

STERNE'S REPORT.

ON Sterne's entering a coffee room at York, a Mr. A. staring him full in the face, said—

He “hated a parson!”

“Upon which, Sterne rejoined—

“And so, sir, does my dog, for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock, he falls a barking.”

“Indeed,” replied A. “how long has he done so?”

“Ever since he was a puppy, sir,” answered Sterne, “and I still look upon him as one!”

A YANKEE ANSWER.

A WAGER was laid, that it was a Yankee peculiarity, to answer one question by asking another. To sustain the assertion, a down-easter was interrogated.

“I want you,” said the better, “to give me a straight forward answer to a plain question.

“I kin du it, mister,” said the Yankee.

“Then; why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?”

“*Du they?*” was Jonathan's reply.

HORN'S LAST.—On a recent rainy day this wag was heard to exclaim—

“Well, my umbrella is a regular Catholic!”

“How so?” inquired a friend.

“Because it always keeps *lent*.”

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS AT HOME.

"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted country school mistress to an unusually promising scholar, whose quarter was about up—"My dear boy, does your father design that you should thread the intricate and thorny path of the professions, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery field of literature?" "No, marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatur patch."

HOW TO FILL YOUR ABSENCE AT CHURCH.

A DULL parson cornered a farmer whom he seldom saw at ministration, by asking him directly, after a little reproof for his sin of omission.

"Shall we see you at church next Sabbath?"

"Y-e-s," he replied, slowly—"Y-e-s, I'll go or send a hand."

MORE IMPORTANT.

A SEA captain having made some material blunder in his reckoning, and finding that he could not discover the latitude, walked about upon the deck in great despondency, crying in a pathetic tone—"Oh! that my dear wife knew where I am!"

"By gar," exclaimed a surly tar, "I'd much rather you knew yourself."

A CLERGYMAN was one day catechising a class of children belonging to his congregation, and coming to a little boy who was something of a rogue, asked him what he knew. "I know something," replied the urchin with a significant look. Well, my son, what do you know?" replied the pastor. "I know where is a bird's nest," said the boy, "but I shan't tell you for fear you will steal the eggs," answered the unsophisticated juvenile.

"WHAT'S the matter my dear?" said a wife to her husband, who had sat half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "O, I don't know," said he, "I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," returned the wife consolingly, "I'm afraid you'll never feel any better; you look the very picture of what you feel."

"WAS Mr. Brown a popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving—and several of them, including the sheriff, the deputy, and several constables followed him for some distance."

GOOD ADVICE.—The venerable Pickle Pickleby says: "Read your Bible, Jabez, study the law of Moses, and don't repeal any of 'em; mind the ten commandments tu, and the 'leventh likewise, and don't sell the birth-right of the Yankee nation for a mess of potash, and the day may kum when you will be a minister to a penitentiary, or a secretary of negotiation."

A GRAMMATICAL PUPIL.—A country school-master in the neighborhood of Cuckney, the other day, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing

for speaking *bad grammar*, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him *ungrammatically*—the youngster being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil;—"There is a *common substantive*, of the *masculine gender*, *singular number*, *nominative case*, and in an *angry mood*, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the *present tense*."

A CERTAIN Judge in reprimanding a criminal, among other hard names, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, Sir, I'm not so great a scoundrel as your honor—takes me to be." "Prisoner," responded the Judge, "you should put your words closer together when you address the court."

A GREEN looking fellow hailed a Roxbury omnibus driver, as he was dashing up Washington street, with,

"Going to Roxbury?"

"Yes," said Jehu, halting.

"Wal, so I thought," said the gawk and passed on.

"WELL, farmer you told us your woods was a good place for hunting; now we've tramped through it for three hours and found no game." "Jes so—well, I calculate as a general thing the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

"OUR prospects is very dark," said Break, the Baker, on the occasion of the recent rise in flour.—"Yes," said Mrs. Partington, "and so is your bread," but said that estimable lady, looking benignly on her specs, "your loaves are light enough."

A LADY wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass—

"God did at first make man upright, but he"

to which a gentleman added—

"Most surely had continued so—but she—"

"WHY," said a physician to his intemperate neighbor, "don't you take a regular quantity every day—*set down a stake*, that you will go so far and no farther?" "I do," replied the other; but I set it down so far off, that *I get drunk before I get to it*."

A MAN who had a scolding wife, in answer to an enquiry after her, said she was pretty well in general, only subject at times to a *breaking out at the mouth*!

THE RIGHT OF MAN.—The sacred rights of mankind, said Alexander Hamilton, are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.

WHAT is better than Presence of Mind in a Railway Accident? Absence of Body.—*Punch*.

A CHAP was asked what kind of a "gal" he preferred for a wife; one, he said that wasn't pro-di-gal—but fru-gal—a true-gal and suited to his conju-gal taste.

"Do you understand me now?" thundered out one of our country pedagogues, to an urchin at whose head he threw an ink-stand. "I have got an ink-ling of what you mean," replied the boy.

A RECENT philosopher discovers a method of avoid being dunned! "How?—how?—how?" we hear every body asking. Never run in debt.

MRS. ORDWAY thinks that stockings will be very cheap next year, as she has heard that several new Hose companies have been recently formed.—*Bee*.

Of all passages in a young man's life, none is so trying, so solemn, or accompanied with so much earnest feeling, as seeking for the match-box in the dark.

COBBS, the portrait painter, says that every thing should be in character. For instance, search, warrants should be on "tracing paper," and wedding notices on "fools-cap."

A GENTLEMAN having presented his church with the Ten Commandments, it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

An editor of a newspaper being challenged, coolly replied, that any fool might give a challenge but that two fools were needed for a fight.

A GOOD TOAST.—"Here's to internal improvement," as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

W. G. M. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$3.00; H. G. W. Rossie, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Coles, Mr. McAfee, to Miss Lucy Holt, both of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, the Rev. Polhemus Van Wyck, to Sarah Augusta, daughter of James Rowley Esq. of Hudson.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. G. Collins, Mr. J. Edward Darling, of Montgomery, Ala. to Miss Susan A. Frost, of Hudson.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. H. Darling, Mr. George A. Wheeler, of New Orleans, to Miss Lucinda C. Bessac, of this city.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Ellis, Mr. Calvin Coons to Miss Elizabeth E. Miller, both of Ancram, Columbia Co.

On the 11th ult. at Mesick's "Columbia Hotel," by Rev. E. S. Porter, Mr. George Pettit to Eliza Baines, both of Spencer-town

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 15th ult. Edward P. Holmes, Cabinet Maker, aged 40 years.

On the 27th ult. Miss Sarah E. Cross, of Red Hook, aged 24 years.

At Greenport, on the 13th ult. Abraham Frayer, in the 33d year.

At Greenport, on the 14th ult. James Jackson, aged 43 years, a native of Ireland.

At Paris, (France,) Rev. Thomas Warner, formerly Chaplain at West Point Academy, and son of the late Jason Warner, of Canaan, Columbia Co.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

SOUL-LIGHT.

BY H. S. BALL.

FADELESS as a gem of heaven,
On the dusky brow of night;
Is the inner sunlight given,
Ever shining pure and bright.

Spirit-light! when hope has faded
From the breast, and dark despair,
Gathers round—thy light unaided,
Shall the sorrowing spirit cheer.

Beaming soul-light, brings departed
Dreams of youth, and hope, and love;
Gleams to cheer the lonely hearted—
From the source of light and love.

Though the past be dark and drear,
And the present full of wo;
The inner sun-light wingeth near
Purer thoughts of "long ago,"

Soul-light hath a gentle spirit,
Lurking in each cell, and vein;
The flower doth its light inherit—
The dying rose shall bloom again.

Friends in the cold earth interred,
Soon shall pass before our eyes;
Chanting music never heard,
Save in graves of paradise.

Only in the outer form,
Have they died, for a day;
And the spirit yet shall warm,
Into newer life their clay.

What though, giant wrong and strife
Steeps the stricken soul in wo!
It shall start to nobler life,
And live the faith of long ago.

The great spirit over all,
Ever watchful vigil keeps;
Lets the outer garments fall,
As the wearied servant sleeps.

Still the soul-life, fresh and warm,
Like an ever-flowing river;
Leaving here the dying form,
Lives in quickening joy forever—

In the coming, cloudless day,
For our spirits never fade;
(Though we die)—shall live away—
Death, is but a twilight shade.

Know then, pilgrim, as ye may,
While the spirit-light is given;
Not a friend shall pass away,
That we shall not greet in heaven.

Norfolk, July 30, 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

THE ROSE.

BY AARON DE LANO.

A BLUSHING ROSE in beauty hung
Upon its parent stem,
More beautiful far than jewels bright
In monarch's diadem.

Peerless it stood 'mid other flowers,
More pleasing still than they;
And all who viewed it, deemed it then
Too lovely to decay.

But soon alas! withered it fell,
Its beauty all had fled;

No longer on the passer by,
Did it a fragrance shed.
Its leaves were scattered on the ground,
Faded each leaflet's hue—
No thrill of pleasure caused it, thus
That blighted flower to view.

'Tis ever thus with earthly joy,
Our hopes and prospects bright,
Though first in dazzling splendor seen,
Soon vanish from our sight.
A dream—a phantom of the brain
Is sublunary bliss;
For this frail world can never bring
Substantial happiness.

Maine Village, N. Y. 1849.

SONG OF STEAM.

WHEN I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze;
When I saw a peasant faintly reel,
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As constant he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courier's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength;
Oh! then you saw a wondrous change
On earth and the ocean wide,
Whence now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain steep decline;
Time—space have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

The Ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice,
I carry the wealth and the lord of the earth,
The thoughts of the God-like mind,
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depth of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all the doings I put in print,
On every Sunday eve.

I've no music to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

HUDSON
BOTANIC MEDICAL DEPOT,

A few doors above the Store of H. P. Skinner & Son and directly opposite A. C. Macy's.

THE Subscriber having been for a number of years engaged in connection with his Father, one of the oldest Botanic Physicians in Massachusetts, and having obtained a thorough knowledge of the business, of which he can show satisfactory credentials, wishes to inform the inhabitants of this city and vicinity, that he has opened an Office for the sale of Botanic Medicines of all kinds, prepared and put up by himself and warranted of the best quality, consisting of the following:

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DOCT. W. GOODRICH.

Hudson, June 20th, 1849.

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